A lively presentation of the case for instructors grading students according to their abilities and keeping their distance.

The Segregation That Is Needed

MARION MONTGOMERY

SINCE OUR FIRST "AGONIZING REAPPRAISAL" of educational materials and methods in 1957, occasioned by the Sputnik panic, we have begun once more to slump back into presputnik complacency. There was at first an urgent flurry of talk about attracting the gifted young people into the teaching profession, and we have even made federal funds available through congress toward that end, money by act of congress being the most ready answer to any pressing problem. There was likewise much talk of better salaries for teachers, of stronger parental support in the maintenance of discipline and work, of de-emphasis of frill benefits of high school kindergarten, and of a new emphasis on a hard core of studies related to science. It was a happy season for hurling bricks at the ever-tempting heads of the professional educators, those feather merchants whose vested interest lies in the system of education developed and sold the American consumer with Madison Avenue skill. For since John Dewey gave them the light in *Reconstruction in Philosophy*, they have carried it unto all the people with a fervor that has resulted in the deification (but not the definition) of Education. But what Lyell and Darwin were to many a comfortable Victorian congregation, well-adjusted to 19th century pleasures, the first Sputnik was to the innumerable converted and baptized worshipers of Education. They suddenly discovered that our intellectual comfort was the result of intellectual drowning rather than baptizing, that what we suddenly needed was not the muddled doctrine of "equal intellect for all" as distorted from Dewey through Columbia Teachers College and its subsidiaries across the country, but a better bear trap, one with the best hydrogen trigger money could buy.

After that initial panic, the bear's breath began to seem not so hot on our neck—rather, well . . . warm and even perhaps friendly. Nevertheless the embarrassment of the unexpected crisis left us with anger to express. We began to sound more like enraged alumni who discover at the homecoming game that their much publicized quarterback has his position through

influence rather than through ability than like a congregation whose faith in omnipotent Education had been shaken. There has been more "Kick out the coach" than "Examine the priest on points of doctrine." For we are not, despite our pretense to the contrary, a religious people, being interested in emotional peace and contentment and a workable product from our institutions.

Well then, the coach must go. The cry is not new, it has simply been louder recently. There has been constant criticism of doctrinal points held by the educators of educators. One could collect an amazing bibliography to support the statement. But the voice of interrogation has been unpersuasive, partly because it has not addressed itself to the problem of the better bear trap, a utilitarian concern which most *motional* (that is, devoted to that other undefined American god, Progress) Americans can understand. There is a persuasiveness in the argument that higher mathematics is necessary to the national welfare since only through higher mathematics will it be possible to outdo the Russians, get to the moon first, or catch up with them in rockets. What chance have the ancient arguments concerning the value of mathematics for its own sake? How persuasive is it to point out that Einstein was not looking for a way to make an A-bomb when he devised formulas that made the H-bomb possible? We make the same demands upon the new coach as made upon the old. In the past we demanded in the name of Progress, not higher mathematics but business math, not the grammar and logic necessary to rational thought but business English—while those old fuddy-duddies, the "professors" whose retreat was generally the ivory towers of liberal arts colleges, talked angrily, then desperately, and then cynically, if at all. Oh, for a Jonathan Swift among them! But in an age capable of seeing only a literal horror of a misanthrope in the "Modest Proposal," the following quotation can only be taken as praise:

> The evolution of the prescribed education "lingo" has been an amazing development. If, in 1900 a teacher at the University had brought a hen to class for teaching purposes, while an innovation, the hen was simply a hen. By 1910, this hen was a "problem." By 1915 the hen became a "project." Around 1920 the hen became a "unit of work." By 1925 the same hen developed into an "activity." By 1930, she became the basis of an "Integrated Program." And lo, in 1936, the poor old hen had become a "frame of reference." As 1941 drew to a close, she implemented into an "Area in a Workshop." By 1942 she appeared to have been "calibrated as a part of orchestration of school and community activities." After the summer of 1945, she is the concomitant of "Motivated Evaluation."

Does this not bespeak Progress? If there is criticism, it is likely to be directed at the facts: for instance, any one who is advanced in henology enough to attend one of the elaborate annual conferences at my university entitled "The Chicken of Tomorrow" could immediately point out that the writer must be talking about several hens, not just one. Everyone knows hens don't live forty-five years.

So those professors of the ivory tower (currently expected to produce something more basically necessary to our survival than a chicken of tomorrow) watched helplessly. The demigod Education, worshiped of the people, gouged intellect first with one horn in the name of high school social adjustment and then with the other in the name of an immediate monetary return for four years of college. The "professors" who professed abstract values proved Humpty Dumpties easily pushed from the wall, and it took the Russian Sputnik to make their

argument persuasive among the voters of the nation. Social adjustment in high school and business math build no satellities, and while business English may make one adept at the creation of business jargon and Jaycee public relations speeches for Allied Can, Inc., it does not equip one to read fearful handwritings on the wall. The panic of 1957, then, was simply the outer sign of the inner weakness the educational coaches had promoted and nurtured for three generations. Alumni-itis struck in. New coach! New scholarships for potential quarterbacks! Let's get in there and support our team!

II

New coach indeed. But what characteristic ought we to look for? The ability to produce a better chicken of tomorrow or larger H-bomb? Give us that winning team! But it is a great mistake to continue the sloppy analogy between the good teacher and the good coach or practical product finder. Nevertheless our thinking half-habits make us act as if the analogy were absolutely sound. We want a man as coach who can discover talent, and through proper exercises develop it toward the perfection of our desires. We can muster "democratic" support for such an approach so long as there is a chance that our team won't win. From the conception of the All-American High School Boy as a junior edition of Chaucer's miller, we turn to a conception of him as a junior Univac. Contemplating these two American dreams of manhood, one can be thankful for the force of inertia, the product of complacency among parents and vested interest among the high priests of Education. We are saved for the moment from absolute dominion of either.

What kind of coach do *I* want? First of all, I don't want a coach at all. I want what is just as respectable and far more efficient: the good teacher. The good teacher, I should think, is first of all one whose awareness of these two American ideals of man as left guard or Univac does not leave him desperately cynical. He must see that there is some middle course between ape and essence, though he will not be one to champion such a course with the catch-all phrase of "education of the whole child." Furthermore, being aware of the two extreme conceptions of the All-American Boy, the good teacher must also be aware that his is, and will continue to be, a constant struggle with the fanatical and inconstant alumni who are in the majority, the alumni, so recently calling loudly for the coach's scalp, whom the teacher knows immediately as Junior's Mama and Papa. For Mama and Papa will in one emotional context malign him for damaging the child's immortal psyche because Junior is not graded on the curve on his history test covering names of English kings and at the next, in times of acute Sputnik-itis, condemn him for pussyfootedness when "the safety of the nation is at stake."

I think undoubtedly this good teacher I am talking about (and to) will find himself possessed of more than the ordinary degree of original sin; otherwise he wouldn't be a schoolteacher in the first place. Adam had to know, got so concerned with knowing, that he ate the fruit to be equal to God in knowledge (and those of us who find such relief in putting the failure of our educational system solely on the professional educators ought to remember Adam, who didn't get to stay in Eden by blaming Eve). Ever since Adam, man has been cursed by the desire to know, and the good teacher is the person who manifests this curse most constantly. Furthermore, he is not to be set apart from that supposedly insufficient judge, the layman, as being the man with the most education degrees, longest bibliography, or most popular with the students. Neither Socrates nor Christ

was popular. I would like to have the following motto cast in bronze and placed as paperweights on the desks of all board of education chairmen, presidents, deans, principals, department heads, and teachers:

> THE GOOD TEACHER EMULATES SOCRATES AND CHRIST, NEITHER OF WHOM WAS POPULAR WITH THE MAJORITY OF HIS HEARERS NOR WROTE ARTICLES OR BOOKS NOR HELD DEGREES—HONORARY OR EARNED—FROM RECOGNIZED INSTITUTIONS OF LOWER OR HIGHER LEARNING.

The first, indispensable quality in the good teacher, displayed in myriad ways, is his desire to *transcend* rather than to *adjust to*. The teacher's ability to adjust to degrees and bibliographies as end products rather than means, his ability to adjust to his students and the community may destroy his ability to transcend: intellectual evolution becomes retrogressive. (See Jacques Barzun's recent *House of Intellect* on this question.)

Now the privilege of transcending the ordinary level of knowledge, as the good teacher does, is accompanied by the necessity of judging degrees of knowledge. Willy-nilly, Mama and Papa upset and angry or not, the teacher must judge. Of course he fears that his light may be darkness, but he will know when his darkness is a light unto the outer darkness that may be represented by Mama and Papa and Junior. He judges, knowing that democracy as conceived by the Greeks and adopted by our founding fathers has so far decayed into intellectual anarchy that Mama and Papa may consider him presumptuous, arrogant, even immoral when he exercises intellectual honesty by saying that Junior has not mastered rudimentary mathematics. Except, I must keep repeating, in that year of grace, 1957. That year Mama and Papa may still have felt the same way, but they were also moved by the desire for survival. Part of our muddle headed thinking about Junior and his school (and we are all like Junior's Mama and Papa some of the time) lies in this: we have extended the grim and honorable old injunction to "judge not lest ye be judged" to regulate the school teacher's duty because we confound *soul judgment* and *mind judgment*, because we don't know Christ from Socrates. We take the Bill of Rights as an assurance that every man's son is equal to every other man's son in intellectual potential. Of course, when I put the statement that bluntly, it will be denied by all as an absurd piece of thinking or a deliberate distortion. The point, though, is that we *act* by that view and have developed our educational system in this century with this conception as fundamental to "democratic" education. This was a desirable tenet for the initiators of the new system, for to arm the people with such a conception is to provide the necessary votes to provide the necessary laws and monies to build that new system. The ambitious politician knows well that he must not take Education's name in vain —that is, he must not question the holiness or supernatural powers of that god by questioning unlimited suffrage. Suffer *all* the little children to come unto me for at least twelve years, and deny them not, if you want the office. Until 1957.

So no wonder that Mama and Papa resent any strict judgment of Junior's intellectual progress that might indicate he has gone as far as he should at the end of junior high. How dare you say Junior can't do as well as Banker Brown's boy in mathematics? He is *just* as *good* as Johnny Brown. Just as good. As if *goodness* of an individual has anything to do with his intellectual prowess. Of course, if the

teacher is diplomatic, he may say that Junior *won't* do as well as Johnny Brown. This gives Papa occasion to smile knowingly, still holding inviolate Junior's potential equality of intellect while enjoying the pleasure of his being a little rascal who needs only a trip to the woodshed to set him on the road to realization, perhaps even to the presidency (while Mama wants a more *inspiring* and *sympathetic* teacher).

Now Junior already accepts the fact that Johnny Brown is better at his books than he, just as Papa has finally accepted the fact that Jack Jones can kick the football farther than Junior. But democratic anarchy leaves one without a place, and Mama and Papa are consequently in quest of status. Of course man has always been a status seeker, ever since the confusion commenced between the relative potential of individuals and the absolute potential of the individual. Cain slew Abel a long while back. Nevertheless, status seeking has changed in its ends. The values which have been treasured most highly have been outvoted, foremost amoung them being intellectual accomplishment for its own sake. To be good, we now feel, is to have found one's safe place in the world. Environmental determinism (to which I shall speak again directly) encourages us to better ourselves by adjusting to environment, not by attempting to realize our true intrinsic worth—not by trying to transcend environment. To be saved then is to have finally arrived at the four-bedroom house with double carport. How may Education save one? Through business math and business English for the masses. And elementary psychology to keep us happy till we can get that house.

No surprise then that we establish our educational system to provide safety of adjustment to the natural and social world. Now no doubt there is still resentment on Papa's part because Junior continues to kick that football only an average of twenty-five yards, despite all the milk and steak and practice, while skinny Jack Jones kicks it fifty. (One thing the 20th century Papa has over his grandfather: a scientific scapegoat to replace God: he can blame Junior's relative inequality, when forced to recognize it, on his genes, and *his* on *his* father's, in a comfortable retrogression, thus freeing himself of any guilt feeling. The modern epic has been the scientific justification of genes' ways to man.) Jack has a knack with a football just as Johnny Brown has a knack with a mathematics formula, but the distinction between twenty-five yards and fifty yards on the football field is an incontrovertible fact of inequality, easily tape measurable. Disallowed is any popular scientific personality mysticism which would make it necessary for the football coach to grade Junior on the curve. Papa must accept or be ridiculed.

Papa will not only accept this inequality on the football field; as often as not he will contribute to an athletic scholarship to send Jack Jones to State U. And then, just as self-righteously, he will turn to Junior's problem in mathematics and feel that for the mathematics teacher to suggest that there is an incontrovertible distinction between Johnny's and Junior's potential is a sign that Junior has a poor teacher—one who can't get the material across. Such a teacher, usually, is said to lack that heal-all, Compassion, by which Papa and Mama mean (though they do not know that they mean it) the ability of a teacher to lie to Junior about his intellectual potential—with a kind face, of course. Junior will be considered dull if he doesn't get credit for the course—at least sufficient credit to allow him to go to State U to watch Jack Jones play on Saturday afternoons. A scholarship for Johnny Brown, in the

event his father can't send him to pursue mathematics? Witness:

I happened to be attending the State University of Iowa when the first successful launching of an American satellite was announced. What an orgy of self congratulation followed: one of the key members of the team that put the Explorer in orbit was none other than Professor van Allen of the Physics Department at SUI, a native son. Furthermore, the initial data from the new satellite were being broken down at that school. The press of the state flooded all news media with stories and features: van Allen as boy, as student, as teacher. The family history. Family home. Other successful members of the family. The van Allens at the White House reception for the satellite team. Then the inevitable: the suggestion was made and quickly formalized that a scholarship fund be established in van Allen's name, the proceeds from which were to be used to finance talented students interested in physics. After elaborate planning, organization, promotion, and collection by the citizens of the state of Iowa—spurred on by civic-minded leaders and government officials—a few hundred dollars were finally deposited in the van Allen fund, considerably less than a thousand.

Meanwhile, anxious alumni of SUI provided funds to buy the basketball coach a new automobile. He had made a good showing that season.

This, while an unusually dramatic example, is nevertheless essentially a typical example of the way we Mamas and Papas *feel* about Junior and Jack Jones and Johnny Brown. And this is consequently the way we act, for—as I have already asserted—we act on feelings, not thoughts. Feeling and its act are built into the system, drilled into our teachers through the professional courses in the muddlement of thinking for the sake of that empire building whose pretext for existence has been the development of the "whole child." It is one of the ironies of our situation that there is a sounder and more respected democracy at work on the high school football fields of the nation than is allowed to operate in the classroom. Who would dream of erasing the distinction between varsity and intramural teams? I do not observe that Mamas and Papas generally worry about the damage done to Junior's psyche when he doesn't make the varsity team or when he only makes the second or third string. Certainly most Juniors seem to "adjust" well enough without being allowed a turn as quarterback or left end in the big Thanksgiving Homecoming Game. When Junior exits from the stadium waving his school colors on the end of a stick, he does not give the appearance of a child suffering from an inferiority complex.

As a matter of fact, it is Junior's nature (as it was and sometimes still is Mama's and Papa's) to respect relative ability. It is only by rigid suppression of such respect through the public relations work of those with maladjustment theories to sell that he is finally prepared to step into his father's shoes and suppress his own son's native sense of relative values—in the name of Education and Progress and Democracy. Meanwhile, Junior doesn't feel that he isn't as good on the scale of absolute value of the human being as Jack simply because Jack is first string while he is third—provided only that Junior be allowed to live with himself long enough to adjust to himself. It is considered dangerous, as it well may be, for one to get to know himself too well; the emphasis is on living with others.

It would be well for us Mamas and Papas to notice that often Junior tries hard to equal Jack on the football field.

We honor competition everywhere except in the classroom.

III

I have said, and here re-emphasize: the good teacher must accept as a starting point an alumni association of parents who generally cannot make a distinction between intellectual accomplishment and moral goodness. Then he must, soundly and according to his intellectual principles, insist upon judging intellect. For herein lies his true compassion for Junior, as for Jack and Johnny. Johnny makes consistent A's because he is exceptional (in the old sense of the word), and Jack kicks the football fifty yards because *he* is exceptional. Is Junior as second man to be told that his twenty-five yards is really forty or his C in mathematics a B plus? If Jack Jones simply cannot do mathematics because he is exceptional (in the newest euphemism for the old-fashioned *dumb*), he should not be given the Social C. Not even when he works diligently, makes no trouble, and is needed for the Thanksgiving Homecoming Game. (Usually he isn't required to know anything about mathematics to be eligible to play, but he must have a passing grade in the subject.) If both Jack and Junior fail to master the material, they should be given the F, which despite popular superstition is not equal to the mark of Cain.

Aside from reasons other than practical, the person who knows most accurately that there is a lie in the grade book when a C is substituted for an F or a B for a C is Junior. One of the major causes of classroom chaos (at least I gather this to be true from my interviews with university freshmen just out of the nation's high schools) is the dishonesty involved in the attempt to adjust the student socially and psychologically to mathematics or English grammar or physics. If I can get away with this, says Junior or Jack with his adjusted C, how much further can I go? Having got a C where a D was called for, can I get a C for an F? Where Junior may have tried to make the first string on the football team, he now tries to see how much he can get away with in the classroom. Honesty in judgment of intellectual achievement would make a remarkable difference in the wear and tear on teachers. It would do more than a raise in salary, *provided* honest judgment were supported by the teacher's superiors so that eventually it would come to be valued by Mama and Papa.

Compassion? Yes. But the good teacher's compassion involves his maintaining Old Testament principles as well as New Testament ones. For the reality of human existence in our limited world of *now*, to which we are supposedly adjusting in our schools, cannot be denied indefinitely. We are somewhere *now* in our intellectual journey, just as we are somewhere physically. And the teacher's responsibility is to tell us where. The teacher's justice in giving the student his intellectual place is ultimately the greater mercy.

IV

The word has got abroad that, if the teacher is to be successful in his missionary role of helping Junior adjust to society, he must become a contortionist "personality-wise." That is, he must put himself on a level with Junior and Jack and Johnny. But the teacher, in deserting his proper role as sympathetic but disinterested judge of intellectual accomplishment in order that he might work such adjustments, has destroyed his authority and forfeited the dignity proper to his role. The teacher must regain authority and its concomitant dignity as necessary to his position of judge, and he must do so, among various ways, by re-establishing a line of distinction between teacher and student. The teacher as regular fellow is

not per se the good teacher any more than a friendly coach who lets Junior play first string end is a good coach. One slight, symbolic, and perhaps even "undemocratic" step toward the restoration of authority and dignity would be to place the teacher's desk on a raised platform in the classroom, as is done in some places now, though usually because of the large classroom and the impossibility of seeing the last rows of students otherwise. The platform is a control post, and emphasizes control. But it also emphasizes the necessary segregation of teacher and student. Desegregation between teacher and student is a thing to be earned by the student, not one to be conferred at birth. As for the "undemocratic" aspect, one does not put off his humanity when he puts on the judicial robe of the teacher—when he ascends the platform. And neither is one being human when he substitutes for the robe of teacher dignity the clown's uniform of motley. The teacher's platform, though often so used, is not primarily for the purpose of entertaining a paying audience through professional antics.

Of course the good teacher is haunted, as I said earlier, by this nightmare vision of himself on the platform *misjudging*. One has to choose his nightmare and accept it. Many teachers are reluctant to set themselves up as judges of intellect, even as trainers of intellect, who are not reluctant to draw salaries as teachers (low though that salary be). And many are not reluctant to concern themselves with psuedo-moral judgments. More teachers can be found who are willing to condemn liquor in the mathematics class than are willing to flunk Junior because he made 30 of a possible 100 points on his final examination on the multiplication tables. It usually turns out that those teachers who are more concerned with social-moral problems than with intellectual problems are actually preaching moral values and social responsibilities according to the gospel of environmental determinism, whose cardinal virtue is social adjustment. It is an easy gospel to evangelize about, requiring little depth of thought. Since man is conceived by this gospel to be the product of his environment, it follows as the night triumphant that (1) man is not responsible for his *unfortunate situation* and (2) the *unfortunate* situation changed to *fortunate* will automatically change the man into a *desirable social entity*. (The logical correlative to this line of reasoning is that the man already in a fortunate situation—which generally means he who has already acquired his four-bedroom house and a college education—is likewise not responsible for his situation, but this aspect of determinism is not tolerated. Such an assumption would be labeled quickly and indignantly as socialistic polemics, if not raw communism by the haves who might be required to give up a bedroom and a car to make their less fortunate neighbors good. Besides, we want credit for our success.) The result of our illogical, pragmatic use of determinism is made manifest in the schools as the necessity of adjusting Junior to social mathematics.

For the good teacher it seems a dark forest to contemplate. He feels he has only a hatchet where an ax or buzz saw is needed. But some light filters through if he chops at the underbrush. When Junior and Jack, and even Johnny (since he eventually feels he must be one of the boys to overcome his social handicap of proficiency in mathematics), see what they can get away with in mathematics class, they are aware of one of those self-evident truths that most of their teachers and parents manage to outgrow, a truth which the popularized environmental determinism overlooks: there are two terms in the

proposition *man in environment.* The boys know, however inarticulate they may be as a result of native handicap of the farce of business English, that the individual sprouts and flourishes in an environment and that, while the quantity of the fruit of his accomplishment may be affected by environment, the quality of the accomplishment is untouched. Environment has nothing to do with kind. If the corn seed sprouts at all, its stalk can bring forth only corn, good soil or bad. Dog fennel grows tall in rich bottom land, but it is still dog fennel. Consequently, in the insane environment of that classroom which denies this sane principle of reality, where dog fennel seems to be cultivated in the hope of harvesting corn and where corn is expected, because it is corn, to flourish in indifferent soil, the students mark time by playing with the environment for amusement. They play Alice's role in Wonderland, but not as politely as Alice. Thus, the teacher who sits democratically in the center of a circle of chairs to be "close" to his eleventh grade government students, to be democratically "one" of them, finds instead that he is less than they, that he is indeed in a cage of chairs and is being played with. His position as judge is permanently damaged. For, while we insist that the world's judgment of our moral and civil misdoings be made by a committee of our peers, we resent intellectual judgment from one of our peers. The teacher who is primarily one of the boys is not the good teacher any more than the father who is a boy among his sons is a good father. The child is father of tomorrow's child, not (sweet thought though it be) father of today's man.

V

Now, in closing, to connect the problem of that desired judge of intellect, the good teacher, as he faces his class in general mathematics in the tenth grade, with his relationship to Junior's and Jack's and Johnny's parents. Environmental determinism, the dominant American philosophy (dominant because it is the philosophy according to which we define our lives and establish and maintain our institutions) as it has filtered down through the ranks of our registered voters has become an emotional religion which is hard to combat with reason. One who dares confront it may find himself accused of being un-Christian. Yet this most narrowly subjective of philosophies is ultimately responsible for undermining the area of true objectivity in the schools, specifically those courses of study having to do with the measurable development of mind. The philosophy has come waving a deceptive flag emblazoned *humanitas* in the name of that mythical and illusive god Education, anthropromorphically produced by schools and departments of education. Education's supposed grace is that it makes one able to absorb environment rather than overcome it, to exist in the world in an "adjusted" state. It is understandable how it was that a majority of the registered voters came to align themselves with the initial flag wavers following the shattering effect on religious thought of the coming of scientific determinism in the 1800's. The emotional adjustment of the Bible to Darwinian thought leads naturally enough to the emotional adjustment of intellectual values to social values.

The good teacher will not be so undiplomatic as to attempt to wrest the flag from the evangelists of Education. Such a move would leave him unsupported on all fronts. For in these three generations during which the present philosophy of education came to power, most teachers willingly or of necessity deserted teaching the intellect, a most demanding occupation, for the easier comfort of helping their students

feel toward adjustment. Indeed, most students of high school age have come to have a vague feeling, akin to that of their parents and most teachers, that they may *acquire* intellectual prowess by existing in what is supposedly an intellectual environment for from four to eight years, at the same time enjoying the pleasures of social adjustment in business English and mathematics and making crude bird houses in Shop II and worse than crude upsidedown cakes in home economics. The college community rounds off Junior's social self, the "Whole Junior," and he is ready for the great adult world, especially welcoming the comfortable arm of the socially agreeable state with its unemployment insurance, social security, import taxes, crop supports. We Mamas and Papas have provided it all, having the necessary vote. And it is all very fine. Except in 1957, of course.

The good teacher's progress against this hydra-headed problem as he faces his mathematics class will be slow and seem slower. But perhaps in three generations, if he holds his principles, he may restore a fundamental principle to the canon of public education: the training and proper evaluation of the individual's intellect. It must be attempted. And of the possible allies, aside from a Russian scientist in orbit around the moon, the best are among the students themselves, those students who resent being subdued to the useful and the good by the Telemachuses who would feed their people bread from dog fennel seed. Some there are who honor the honesty to call a failure an F. The responsibility of adjusting to an F or an A is primarily Jack's and Junior's and Johnny's, and the teacher must stop reducing himself in an attempt to adjust for them. And the good teacher might well reassure Mama and Papa that Junior has just as good a chance of getting to heaven as Johnny. No doubt Junior has an even better chance.